

by Rainey

The Game

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>The Game<br>By Rainey  
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>It was the longest few minutes on record. The tension in the air was  
so thick you could eat it with a spoon.<br>  
>Nerves taut. Eyes shifting. Hearts pounding. Jaws clenching.<br>  
  
>"Do it, Mulder!" Modell taunted; focused, pushing. "You know you  
want to. Just do it!"<br>  
>"Listen to me, Mulder," Scully implored, speaking in firm,  
deliberate tones. "You don't have to do this. You are in  
control."<br>  
>Mulder sat staring, his eyes glazed, his face bathed in sweat, his  
damp hair falling onto his forehead. Scully's face blurred before  
him.<br>Have to think. Concentrate. Can't make a mistake.  
  
><br>Seconds passed. The clock ticked.  
><br>"Do, it Mulder!" Modell gritted, a shrill edge of madness in his  
voice. "Come on, do it now!"  
><br>"No!" Scully cried. "Mulder, don't!"  
><br>Slowly, Mulder raised his hand. His fingers curled around the  
black knight, he pushed the piece into position on the board.  
  
><br>"Checkmate," he said.  
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